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Tales and Miscellanies.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ON HATS.

"To begin first with their hats. Sometimes they use them sharper on the crown, peaking up like the spere or shafte of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crown of their heades; some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstant mindes. Other some be flat and broad in the crown, like the battlements of a house."—*PHILIP STUBBS.*

A Hat is the symbol and characteristic of its wearer. It is a sign and token of his avocation, habits, and opinions—the creature of his phantasy. Minerva-like, it bursts forth in full maturity from his brain. It often serves as a beacon to the wary, against lewdness, extravagance, pride, cold-heartedness, and vulgarity; vain pomp and parade, unblushing impudence, affected singularity, and many other of the ruling passions, may be detected by its form and fashion. One may ascertain whether a man is whimsical, grotesque, unnaturally gross, rigidly chaste, or venially flexible in his taste, by this infallible test. Much may be deduced, too, from the style in which it is worn. One man entombs his pericranium in his beaver; another sets it so lightly and delicately on, that it seems to be ever "straining upon the start," and, "like the sweet pea, on tip-toe for a flight."

What an infinity of associations are linked and embodied with the different styles and fashions of the head-covering! The monk's cowl, the turban, the mitre, and the helmet, would each furnish themes innumerable for dissertation and reflection. One might even descant with advantage on the humble mariner's cap.

I encountered a hat, yesterday, which I had long deemed obsolete; it reminded me of quaint garbs, and the republican names of Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, Bradshaw, Blake, with his well-curled mustachios; and of the far-famed battle of Marston-Moor. Henri Quatre, with his particular face and half-closed eyes; the fair Gabrielle, the princely Mary de Medicis, the fierce leaguers, and the desperate fanatic Ravillac, float along with the up-turned brim, shadowing plumes, and strange fashion of their time. The Spanish hat breathes of soft serenades, and the tinkling guitarra, with its delicate voice stealing into the dark-eyed sleeping lady's dream of love, revelling for a moment with all her fanciful and warm ideas, and then gently, and by degrees, awakening her to realities, just as her lover's voice blends gently in, and seduces her to the flower-encircled casement, by some magic rhymes of beauty, love, and constancy eternal. The formal beaver reminds me of cold, voiceless meetings, habitual gravity, William Penn, and the primitive immaculates. An opera-hat is associated with delicious cameos, *eau de mille fleurs*, eloquent dancing, passionate music, and a diara of living beauty, with bright eyes and beaming brows, sparkling about in delightful exuberance. The small, elegant, white chapeau, with its broad band, polished steel clasp, and fluttering plumes, speaks to me always of gallant maidens, mounted on slender palfreys, and fantastically gamboling over dewy swards, richly begemmed with gay smiling margarites, and the deep green circles formed by "the light-footed fays." The most pathetic inanimate object I ever beheld, was the gay white beaver of a lively and high-spirited girl, floating on a calm and delusive stream, over its drowned mistress; it was a beacon which none could mistake—a fleeting monument, that spoke more directly to the heart, than perdurable marble or erudite inscriptions.

Every man's hat is a cast of his head, and is strongly tinged with his habits and prejudices. We may discover as great a variety in hats, as in men. There is your hat bellicose, flaunting, and soldierly, that seems to court applause; and your tame, pusillanimous, and meekly covering, without shape or feature, emollient, pliable, and unresisting as wax; your technical dot-and-carry-one companion to the ledger; and your little, pert, upstart, whipper-snapper chapeau. There is your hat clerical, devout, orthodox, and sanctified; your brazen-looking, up turned symbol of arrogant stupidity; your demure, obtuse, and inflexible receptacle of a Quaker's caput, whose elaborate brim is one of the chief insignia of the sect; and the incomparable and superlative aristocrat, that graces a noble buck's brows, and utterly defies criticism. There is also your deformed, misshapen, unbrushed hat, Benedictine and matrimonial, with its "knotty and combined locks;" and your steady, sober, bachelorly, nap-lacking hat, everlasting and immortal, whose olden fashion and antique hue, prove it to have enjoyed its present situation since its now-wrinkled possessor first entered the East India House as a stylish junior clerk. There is, besides, your majestic hat of capacity and dominion, and your hat subaltern and unassuming; your profound, bronze-colored,

overbearing Johnsonian; and your prying, inquisitive, jealous, and "unsatisfied imp;" your infirm, elderly beaver, and your lusty, coarse, dog's-hair agriculturalist, with its corollary of documents; your hat morose, sullen, and forbidding, with its never-failing accompaniment of an octagon face, scowling eyes, and clenched lips; and your gay, honest, graceful, but negligent harbinger of vivacity and good-humor; your insinuating, silky-smiling cap of salutation and complacency, which oftener graces the wearer's hand than his head; and the supercilious, haughty *noli me tangere*; your money-getting Mosaic slouch; and your worn-out, half-naked, and ruined silk hat, in its last stage of existence, still "smiling at grief," and striving to keep up appearances.

The catalogue is indefinite; but I shall content myself, at present, with naming two or three others only; the delectably light straw Creolian, with its shady and efficient panoply, crowning a made-up, magisterial, monotonous and mahogany visage, strongly impregnated with molasses, Jamaica rum, and bitter aloes; the poetical vagary, with its infiqite and inexplicable bends, contortions, freaks, and undulations, (the maker would not know his own handy work in its present state of uncivilization and absurdity; it always inclines one to fancy that the wearer has lately been "in a fine frenzy rolling;" and the obdurate, hard-brimmed, and frost-bitten hat of anti-sociality, under which a sharp, thin, satirical, and calumniating nose juts out, with its prolonged extremity beetting over a venomous adder's nest-looking mouth, and a chin that altogether repels communion.

I shall never forget the reverence and awe with which the scholars at — school were wont to inspect the hat of our head-master. "I shall not look upon its like again." It was large and expansive, encrusted with the powder and learned dust of many a year. It was hallowed by recollections of imperative frowns, grave lectures, and profound disquisitions on the Greek and Roman tongues. It would have been deemed akin to sacrilege to touch it irreverently. He often left it in the most conspicuous part of the room, to preserve order in his absence. No one could forget him, who beheld his hat; they were so mixed up and amalgamated together, that the hat was a component, and almost essential part of the man. It looked dominant, impressive, and gubernatorial.

ETHAN ALLEN, IN ENGLAND.

Colonel Ethan Allen was a man destined to strike the world as something uncommon, and in a high degree interesting. He was but partially educated, and but obscurely brought up; yet no man was ever more at ease in the polished ranks of life, than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules and title etiquette; but that he observed the dictates of natural good sense and good humor. His bearing was in total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known, that early in life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow men, and led them on to some of the most daring achievements. He seemed to have possessed all the elements of a hero—a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partizan officer, is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty during our revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner, and carried to England; where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him into the court region.—A friend of our earlier life, who was well acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of Colonel Allen while a prisoner in London. We have before mentioned the firmness with which he resisted the attempts to bribe him from the cause of his country, and the caustic satire with which he replied to a nobleman, who was commissioned by the ministry to make him formal offers to join the British cause in America. The incident is a striking one, and will bear a repetition.

The commissioner, amongst other tempting largesses, proposed, that if he would espouse the cause of the King, he might have a fee simple in one half of the State of Vermont. "I am a plain man," said Colonel Allen, in reply, "and have read but few books; but I have seen in print somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your Lordship: it is of a certain character that took a certain other character into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof, and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, these would all be his; and the rascal," added he, "did n't own a foot of them."

His interview with the King, at Windsor, is mentioned as

highly interesting. His Majesty asked the stout hearted mountaineer, if they had any newspapers in America? "But very few, and these are but little read," was the answer.—"How, then," asked the King, "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain, and of which we have just been speaking?" "As to that," said he, "I can tell your Majesty, that amongst a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven." "That is too figurative an answer, from a matter of fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the King. "Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject, "among our people, the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else: 'out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.' I will add, with great respect to your Majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

The King made a long pause, as if strongly impressed with the truth of his remarks. At length, changing the subject, he asked Colonel Allen, if he knew Dr. Franklin; and being answered in the affirmative, inquired concerning his experiments with electricity, and expressed a curiosity to experience an electric shock. The British sovereign seemed to take pleasure in the conversation, which he kept up for more than an hour, and at length made Colonel Allen promise to visit him, with his countryman, Dr. Franklin, at his palace in London. Some weeks after this, he was reminded of his promise by the nobleman above mentioned, and an hour was fixed, for the homebred philosopher of America to explain the mysteries of a new discovery in science, to the Royal Family. They attended accordingly, and with an apparatus chiefly of his own invention, Dr. Franklin exhibited many of those simple and amusing experiments, for which he was so much noted, and at which, the Royal children, even those of a larger growth, were much delighted.

In this playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instruction, as to the properties of this astonishing fluid.—While the royal habitation was thus in a most unkingly uproar, the Premier was announced as in waiting. The King seemed for a moment disturbed. "I forgot my appointment with the Minister," said he; "I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed." Accordingly, the Minister was ushered in, with little ceremony, and it was soon concluded that he should have a shock. Allen whispered to the Doctor to remember how he had shocked us across the waters, and to give him a double charge; whether it was designed, on the hint of his friend, or not, was not ascertained; but the charge was so powerful on the nerves of his Lordship, as to make him give way in the knees; at which all, especially the Princesses, were almost convulsed with mirth.

Some of Colonel Allen's happy retorts, at the clubs and fashionable parties, are still remembered, and often repeated. On one occasion, he was challenged to a glass of wine, by the beautiful Dutchess of Rutland, who seems to have been particularly pleased with his independent manner; "and you must qualify your glass with a toast," observed the lady. The 'Vermont' very unaffectedly observed, that he was not used to that sort of ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If, however, the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to revive a sentiment. "O," said she, "never mind the subject; any thing will do, so that it has no treason in it." "Well," says he, "this may do for a truth, if not for a toast;" and fixing his eyes adoringly on the far-famed court beauty, he proceeded: "If any thing could make a double traitor out of a good patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's."

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its exact fitness to the occasion and the person, caused it to be long hailed in the 'beau monde,' as an 'excellent good thing;' and though it had the effect of heightening, for a moment, that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair Dutchess often afterwards boasted of the compliment, as far before all the empty homage she had received from the glittering coxcombs of the city.

A lady once sneeringly asked Colonel Allen, in a large assembly, at what time fashionable ladies in America preferred taking the air? He, perceiving her drift, bluntly answered, "Whenever it is necessary to feed the geese and turkeys." "What," inquired the lady, "do the fine women in your country descend to such menial employments?" Allen was always aroused at any attempt to depreciate the fair ones of his own country; and with a good deal of warmth, he replied, "American ladies have the art of turning even amusements to account. Now, many of these ladies could take up the subject of your Grace's family history, and tell you of the feats of valor and bursts of elo-

quence, to which your ladyship is probably indebted for your distinguished name, most of which, it is likely, would be as new to you, as the art of raising poultry." The sarcasm produced a deep blush in the face of the fair scoffer, but it procured for the captive and his countrymen, an indemnity against court ridicule, for the future.

OBSOLETISMS.

BY LADY MORGAN.

"Words that wise Raleigh and sage Bacon spake."

The late Bishop of Ossory, (Dr Kearney,) so distinguished by his literary attainments, who, though a Bishop, was not ashamed to express his enthusiastic admiration of Shakespeare, frequently told me, that he thought the best commentators on that immortal genius, would be found in the upper gallery of an Irish theatre. How many words, that have puzzled the learned for the last century, could find a ready explanation among the Catholic gentry, and even lower orders in Connaught and Munster! Language in Ireland stopped short, with every other improvement, at the Revolution; and the penal statutes had an equal effect on the liberties and the philology of the people.

Speaking of Antony, (in Antony and Cleopatra,) Philo says,

"His Captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fight, hath burst
The bucklers on his breast, *reneges* all temper."

The word "*renew*," a *poser* to the English reader, is used nightly at every Catholic card-table in the Irish provinces; where, at the old fashioned game of 'five and forty,' an old lady "*reneges*" a card (imprudently played) by the license of the game. In Queen Elizabeth's time, every one wrote *hir* for *her*; in Ireland, it is still pronounced so. Not a phrase, not an idiom, is now in use among the common Irish down to the lowest classes, that may not be found in the most classic authors of Elizabeth's and James the First's day.

"Plaze your Honor," an address of courtesy now confined to the Irish spalpeen or cottier, after having passed through the hands of the upper servants and tradesmen of fifty years back, was once an address of respect from lord keepers to lord chamberlains, and from noble to noble, down to the time of Charles the First. The Earl of Middlesex begins all his letters to the Duke of Buckingham, (James the First's favorite,) with "My most honored Lord." Lord Chancellor Bacon addresses with "If it may please your Lordship," and even in colloquial familiarity, "your honor" was a phrase of courtesy, addressed to both sexes. But obseletisms are constantly mistaken for vulgarisms. In as much, indeed, as they are exploded forms, which have fallen to the exclusive use of the vulgar, they are so: for the vulgar of all ages are those who stand still, and make no progress either in language or in its source, ideas. The vulgar tongue, is the tongue spoken by the people. Dante and Petrarch were said to have written in a vulgar tongue; it is now erudition to be able to read and understand them.

To begin letters with a long, formal, and ceremonious address, was the fashion in England up to the time of Charles the Second, whose court introduced the more refined simplicity of French forms and manners. "Right honorable!" "My singular good lord!" "My right worthy!" and "May it please your grace," "honor," "worship," or "lordship," were all swept away, with stiff stays and cumbrous fardings; and the letters from "Yours, faithfully, Charles Rex," to Harry Bennet, on the serious subject of Courants, Sarabands, and "small fiddlers that do not play ill on the fiddle," exhibit a very different formula, from the letters of the discreet and well affected persons of quality of the preceding reign. They, in fact, have all the ease, familiarity, and equality of the charming letters of the Sevigne's, Coulanges, and De Retz, if not their wit, elegance, or good taste.

I have frequently observed, in the late Marquis of A— and many of his noble contemporaries, a tendency to pronounce after the old manner, as "*hull*," for whole; "*mar-chant*," for merchant; "*cheney*," for china; "*shoulder*," for sholder; "*buzzoms*," for bosoms, &c.; and this pronunciation answers to the orthography of the great lords and ladies of Whitehall, after the Restoration, who being "*un peu brouillés avec l'alphabet*," endeavored to spell as near to the sounds of the words as they could. The Dutchess of Cleveland, writing to the King, says, "*I never was so surprized in my hull life*," &c. &c. Jonathan Wild quizzes the Ordinary of Newgate, for falling into this Jacobite pronunciation, by spelling *whole, hull*.

Many forms of courtesy, rites of hospitality, and traits of habits, manners, and customs, to be found in the old comedies, from the time of Elizabeth to Anne, are still observable in the remote parts of Ireland; a country which, like an old coffer in the country mansion of an old-fashioned family, is the exchequer of all the odds and ends and relics of modes long passed and exploded in modern life.

I remember, in my childhood, dining at the country house of an old Catholic family, where, after the chaplain had pronounced an interminable grace, the lady of the mansion rose, and bowing round graciously to her company, pronounced, "Much good may it do ye," which was always followed, at the end of the dinner, by the observation that none

of her guests had eaten any thing; indicating the delicacy of their appetites, and the unworthiness of her table.

A few months back, having stopped to change horses at a road-side inn, and the horses having to be sent for to the field, we alighted, and found the family at dinner in the reception room, which was also the kitchen. A wretched man, begging his way to Dublin, half naked, and half starved, and so faint from want, cold, and exhaustion, as to be scarcely articulate, paused at the threshold, and moving the crown of a leafless hat, said, "Much good may it do ye, genteels!" This form of courtesy, in practice among the gentry not many years back, has now fallen to the very lowest classes of society; and this is the history of manners, as well as of phraseology. In Shakespeare's time, the salutation of the modern Irish beggar to the peasant, was deemed a trait of royal courtesy.

The modern house-maid, who accompanies her lover, the footman, to the upper gallery, flushes at the coarseness of the fine ladies at Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar; and feels her own superiority in modesty and gentility, to the lovely Lady Lurewell, or even to the prudent Angelica of Sir Harry Wildair.

Tales, novels, and dramas, are the true sources from which the philosophy of manners can best be drawn, and are illustrative of the progress of society at various and successive periods. History does nothing in this respect: and modern historians, in this point of view, are infinitely less valuable and useful, than the driest chronicler of the middle ages.—A page of Froissart is worth a volume of Hume, (who, as an historian, by-the-by, is daily losing ground in public estimation.) The literary fiction, which gives cotemporary manners, modes, and prevailing phraseology, has a fair chance of surviving the tale which, placed in a remote epoch, creates a manner and a dialect neither illustrative of the times of which it treats, nor the times in which it is written. This is the fault of the beautiful romance of Ivanhoe, which is written with all the coloring and dialect of Queen Elizabeth's day, copied, even to set idioms and phrases, from Shakespeare and the play-writers of his time.

English was not spoken in the time of King John; the people spoke Saxon, the upper classes Norman-French.—When Shakespeare wrote his play of King John, he did not affect to go back to the style and language of Henry the Fifth, because he could not employ that which was in use when his scene was supposed to take place. He therefore wrote in the language of his own times; and among the many admirable qualities of his inspired authorship, not the least admirable is, that he has given his dramas the very tone, accent, idioms, and manner of colloquial communication, from the court to the peasant's hut.

To know how exactly Shakespeare has copied existing forms, and to account for the rapidity with which he wrote; it is only necessary to read some of the memoirs and chronicles of Henry the Eighth's and Elizabeth's day; when dialogues on every state affair, carried on by ministers, secretaries, and Irish Lords Lieutenant, are given verbatim—all ready to go upon the stage, and to pass for a scene of Shakespeare's or Ben Johnson's—just as a group at the Hague or Cologne, still exhibits a high toned picture of Vandervelt or Rembrandt.

I open, at random, a volume from the shelf of the book-case of the dressing-room in which I write; and copy literally a scene and a dialogue, meant only to be a simple narrative.—It is taken from Campion's *Historie of Ireland*, written in 1571;—the scene is a room at court—several lords sitting in commission on Gerald Fitzgerald, Earle of Kildare, "a gentleman vallient and well spoken, yet in his latter time overtaken with vehement suspicion of sundry treasons." The Cardinal Chancellor Wolsey is his inveterate enemy and chief accuser. It requires no great effort of imagination, to conceive the place and persons of this veracious drama. The gloomy Gothic chamber, the ponderous costume of the lords, many of whom have been made familiar with posterity by the pencil of Vandyke; the sober splendor of Wolsey's habit, his scarlet hat, and glittering crucifix; the picturesque habit, and more picturesque person of the Geraldine—his gigantic form, and stern, bold bearing, waiting in indignant silence for the accusations to be made against him, by a powerful and interested enemy. After a solemn pause, the lords being "diversely affectioned," the Cardinal Chancellor broke forth in these words:

"I wot well, my lord, that I am not the meekest man at this board, to charge you with these treasons; because it hath pleased some of your pew-fellows to report that I am a professed enemy of the Geraldine. I must have leave, notwithstanding your stale slander, to be the mouth of these honorable persons at this time, and to trumpe your treasons in your way, howsoever you take me."

"First, you remember how the lewde Earle, your kinsman, who passeth not whom he serve, might he change his master, sent his confederates with letters of credence to Francis the French King. How many letters?—what precepts?—what threats have been sent you to apprehend him?—and yet not done; why so?—Forsooth, I could not catch him. Nay, nay, Earle, forsooth you would not nighly watch him. If he be justly suspected, why are you partial in so great a charge? If not, why are you fearful to have him tried? Surely, this juggling and false play little became either an honest man called to such honor, or a nobleman put in such trust. Had

you lost but a cow or a garron of your owne, two hundred kyneghis (kings) would have come at your whistle, to rescue your prey, from the uttermost edge of Ulster. All the Irish in Ireland must give you way. But in pursuing so weighty a matter as this; merciful God, how nice, how dangerous, how wayward have you bin? I wis, my lord, there be shrewde bogges in the borders, for the Earle of Kildare to fear."

While the Cardinal was speaking, the Earl chafed and changed color, and sundry proffers made to answer every sentence as it came. At last he broke out, and interrupted them thus—

"My Lord Chancellor,—I beseech you pardon me. I am short witted, and you, I perceive, intend a long tale. If you proceede in this order, half my purgation will be lost for lack of carriage. I have no schoole tricks, nor art of memory: except you hear me, while I remember your words, your second process will hammer out the former. What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long. Cannot the Earle of Desmond shift, but I must be of counsell?—Cannot hee bee hid, except I winke? If hee bee close, am I his mate? If hee bee friended, am I a traytour? This is a doughty kind of accusation which they urge against me, wherein they are stabled and mirde, at my first deniall. 'You would not see him,' say they;—who made them so familiar with my eyesight?—As touching my kingdom, my lord, I would that you and I had exchanged kingdoms, but for one moneth; I would trust to gather up more crummes in that space than twice the revenues of my poor Earldome. But you are well and warm, and so hold you; and upbraide me not with such an odious storme. I sleep in a cabin, while you lie soft on a bed of downe. I serve under the cope of heaven, when you are served under a canopy. I drink water out of a skull, when you drinke out of golden cuppes. My courser is trained to the field, when your jennet is taught to amble. When you are begraced, and belorded, and crouched and kneeled unto, then I find small grace with our Irish borderers, except I cut them off by the knees."

From the "Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds."

WHIMSICAL ADVENTURE.

After dinner, my brother, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at the Opera. For a short time, the dancing of Bacelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box, far more attractive. This something, was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles —, a Baronet of fashion and fortune. At her, Richard gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to her whole party; amongst which, was rather a rare character at the Opera—a loving, jealous husband.

The Ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance, by the enamoured, tipsy Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair innamorata, when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party. 'Seizing the golden opportunity,' Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into the carriage; when, forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step, with the intention of accompanying her.

At this unlucky moment, 'the green-eyed monster,' the furious husband, darted forward, and grasped his arm; high words ensued, and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of 'Sir Charles —, Lower Grosvenor street,' and the husband putting into his pocket that of 'Mr Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi.' After this preamble to another exchange, I mean, to that of shots, Sir Charles —, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's, in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to wend his way homewards; but from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time, in St. James's Square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairman of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart; when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he; where is the direction post?"

"True, Phalim," added his brother in portrage; "at this rate, we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but if, on searching him, I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the powers, I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night."

The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud: "Sir Charles —, Lower Grosvenor-street."

This was the passport; and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

Arriving in the above mentioned street, at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed Baronet, (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry, whether that was the house of Sir Charles —, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The Paddies explained to the servant, how and where they had found his master, and showed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant, alarmed, feared to disturb the Baronet, till he had received the instructions of her Ladyship; who having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant, therefore, sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival; and then, with the assistance of the chairmen, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below, to wait for further orders.

The minor performers having left the stage, the principal now remained solus. My brother having awakened, and raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home—but great were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street door, and at the same instant, the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair one of the Opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy and astonishment, he stood motionless; when the Baronet's wife, deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "nothing loth," was about to return the embrace; when lo! the real husband entered, and stood agast. Rage had deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by her error, seized her husband's hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Richard, completely sobered, explained and apologized.

By degrees, the Baronet yielded to the naivete of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen; when suddenly his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed, "This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know a Captain Smith, sir?" "I have heard," replied my brother, "of such a man, this evening for the ——" "Hear me, then, sir!" interrupted the impetuous Baronet; "passing up St. James' street, not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pick-pockets, he would not leave me till he was informed where he was to call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address, as I thought, but unluckily, it proved to be your card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried, 'So, sir, I have found you at last!' and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, sir, there I should have been as much indebted to Mr Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am here for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Richard pledging his honor, that the Baronet should then, one way or the other, have satisfaction. My brother kept his word; for having gone to the Bedford, and learnt from Captain Smith himself, that another Mr Richard Reynolds had been his traducer, he and the Captain proceeded together to Grosvenor street; where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they exchanged apologies; and there the matter amicably terminated.

From "Hambles in Italy, by An American."

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL AT ROME.

Leaving on your right, the tomb of *Caius Cestius*, and passing through one of the gates of the ancient city, you arrive at the Basilica of *St. Paolo fuori delle Mura*. This edifice, over which so many centuries have rolled, and on which time has left such deep and powerful traces of his footsteps, awakens a train of sublime ideas. The ground it stands upon, was a farm belonging to *Lucina*, a Roman matron, within whose limits an ancient sepulchre existed, in which was deposited the body of the Apostle from whom it derives its name. It was enlarged in three hundred and eighty-six, by the Emperor *Theodosius*, and finished in the time of his successor *Honorius*; and shortly after, felt some of the rude commotions of that prince's reign. The faded mosaic decorations of its facade—its antique portico, and the bronze portal in the centre—cast over its exterior, the dim splendors of antiquity. Its interior, though not equal in extent to that of St. Peter's, by means of some alterations, might be made to vie with it in magnificence. It is divided into five aisles, by Corinthian columns, twenty-four of which, it is said, formerly adorned the *Moles Hadriani*, or tomb of *Adrian*. They are of one solid piece of marble, beautifully marked with purple veins, and fluted for the length of one third of the shaft; they are thirty-six feet high, and eleven in circumference; the remaining fifty-six are of Greek and Parian marble. The walls of the great aisle are bordered immediately under the ceiling, by a series of portraits of the Popes,

from St. Peter to his present successor. The whole together amounting to the number of two hundred and fifty-three.—In the centre of the transept of the church, is a rich canopy, pointed at the top, like a pyramid, supported by four beautiful columns of porphyry, and overshadowing the altar, under which reposes the body of the Apostle.

It was evening when I visited St. Paul's, and the fading twilight gave a more than usual solemnity to the scene around me. My view became fixed upon the spoils of *Adrian's mausoleum*. I could not help musing upon the insensibility and barbarism of the age which could suffer this magnificent structure to be despoiled of its beauty. *Belisarius* converted it into a fortress against the Goths, and stripped it of its embellishments, to hurl them upon the enemy. Yet here an emperor hoped to repose in quietude after death.—Vain hope! Its beauty served to invite the hand of rapacity, and its strength made it a conspicuous theatre of war. If the curtain of futurity had been drawn aside, and if the fate of his favorite monument had been revealed to *Adrian* before his death, how would it have grieved him to behold the soldiers of *Belisarius* casting upon the heads of the besiegers, the statues that adorned its walls. He would have wept over the uncertainty of human greatness, in beholding the ruins of a monument, which promised to be as durable as the flow of the *Tyber*.

Before me, wrapped in the shades of the evening, stood the tomb of the Apostle who taught the resurrection of the body. A doctrine how animating in life, how consolatory in death!

The ancients endeavored to render the idea of death supportable, by decorating the tomb with splendors of art. In the opinion even of the greatest philosophers and most virtuous men of antiquity, futurity was a mystery, which the utmost strength of human reason was wholly unable to explain. Hence, in the embellishment of their sepulchral monuments, they often display a taste bordering on epicurism, and concealed the ashes of the dead, in urns decorated with images of gaiety and voluptuousness. But from the moment the Apostle of the Gentiles opened the gates of eternal life, and a ray of divine hope illuminated the mansions of the dead, the pyramid built for eternal duration; mausoleums on which the revenues of kingdoms were lavished, no longer continued to be objects of princely ambition.

From this fit of musing, I was roused by the footsteps of my guide, echoing along the aisles of the church. The religious impressions with which I quitted St. Paul's, convinced me how much our purest and best affections, are strengthened by the presence of objects, to which history and tradition have communicated a sacred charm.

PRESERVATION OF THE MENTAL POWERS.

Fatuity from Old Age, cannot be cured; but it may be prevented, by employing the mind constantly in reading and conversation, in the evening of life. Dr. Johnson ascribes the fatuity of *Dean Swift*, to two causes; first, to a resolution he made in his youth, that he would never wear spectacles, from the want of which he was unable to read in the decline of life; and second, to his aversion, which led him to abscond from visitors, or deny himself to company; by which means, he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired, or old ones renovated. His mind, from these causes, languished from the want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiotism; in which state, he spent the close of his life, in a hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder; of which he finally died.

Country people, when they have no relias for books—when they lose the ability to work, or to go abroad, from age or weakness, are very apt to become fatuitous; especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of their families; in consequence of which, their minds become torpid, from the want of society and conversation. Fatuity is more rare in cities than in country places only because society and conversation can be had in them upon more easy terms; and it is less common among women than men, only because they seldom survive their ability to work; and because their employments are of such a nature as to admit of their being carried on, by their firesides, and in a sedentary posture.

The illustrious Dr. Franklin exhibited a striking instance of the influence of reading, writing, and conversation, in prolonging a sound and active state of all the faculties of his mind. In his eighty-fourth year, he discovered no one mark in any of them, of the weakness or decay usually observed in the minds of persons at that advanced period of life.

I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking, that the moral faculties, when properly regulated and directed, never partake of the decay of the intellectual faculties in old age, even in persons of uncultivated minds. It would seem as if they were thus placed beyond the influence, not only of time, but often of diseases and accidents, from the exercises being so indispensably necessary to our happiness, more especially in the evening of life.

The Rev. Dr. Magaw, I said formerly, had lost, with his memory for events, his consciousness of place and time, by a paralytic disease; and yet in this situation, he retained, for several years, so high a sense of religious obligation, that he performed his devotions, morning and evening, and at his

meals, with as much regularity and correctness as ever he did, even in the most vigorous and healthy state of his mind.—*Rush.*

MAN.—What a curious object of contemplation to a superior being, who casts an eye over this lower world and surveys the busy, restless, and unceasing operations of the people who swarm upon its surface!—Let him select any one individual among us, and confine his attention to him as a specimen of the whole. Let him pursue him through the intricate variety of his movements, for he is never stationary: see him with his eye fixed upon some distant object, and struggling to arrive at it; see him pressing forward to some eminence, which perpetually recedes away from him; see the inexplicable being, as he runs in full pursuit of some glittering bauble, and on the moment he reaches it, throws it behind him, and it is forgotten; see him, unmindful of his past experience, hurrying his footsteps to some new object, with the same eagerness and rapidity as ever—compare the ecstasy of hope, with the listlessness of possession; and observe the whole history of his day, to be made up of one fatiguing race of vanity, and restlessness, and disappointment;

"And like the glittering of an idiot's toy,
Doth fancy mock his vows."

To complete the unaccountable history, let us look to its termination. Man is irregular in his movements; but this does not hinder the regularity of nature. Time will not stand still, to look at us. It moves at its own invariable pace. The winged moments fly in swift succession over us. The great luminaries which are suspended on high, perform their circles in the heavens. The sun describes his circuit in the firmament; and the space of a few revolutions, will bring every man among us to his destiny. The decree passes abroad against the poor child of infatuation. It meets him in the full career of hope and enterprise. He sees the dark curtain of mortality falling upon the world, and upon all its interests. The busy, restless heart, so crowded with its plans, and feelings, and anticipations, forgets to play; and all its fluttering anxieties are hushed for ever.—*Chalmers' Sermons.*

FIRST LOVE.—Talk of first love as the world may; we never experience in a second, anything half so sweet. The object beloved a second time may be more amiable—may be more deserving of affection; but in the first, there is a novelty of circumstances and feeling—an untasted cup of joy, which in a repetition, falls short of its original flavor. We are, in a second affection, going over a path already trodden; in the first, we explore a new track covered with wild roses and spontaneous luxuriances, that diffuse odors, which lose much of their freshness on being exhaled. We always know we are in love, a second time, from our former experience. The first time, we are novices, and receive our maiden impressions gilded by brighter hopes, and hallowed by a sanctity that cast almost a religious holiness over them.—Repetitions of love grow more and more sensual: it is in youth's first affection only that a love like that of angels, is exchanged—ethereal, unstained, lucid with heavenly purity. First love is like youth, full of generous impulses and exalted feeling.

In successive visitations, it becomes corrupted, as in advancing years we grow more and more the creatures of circumstances, interest, and the world's custom. Youth is infinitely nearer the optimism contemplated by moralists and philosophers, than manhood. "Love," too, it has been wisely observed, "is always nearer allied to melancholy, than to jollity or mirth." The instances recorded of the purest and most exalted passion, are among the sedate temperaments. The souls that feed upon themselves, that keep back from the multitude, that cannot put up with common-place, but aspire to idealities and creations of their own—these have generally the earliest, the most durable, and the deepest impressions from love.

RIDICULE.—There is nothing that people are more mortified to spend in vain, than their scorn. A man of the right kind would say, upon an intimation that he is opposed by scorn, "They will laugh, will they? I have something else to do, than to trouble myself about their mirth. I do not care if the whole neighborhood were to laugh in a chorus.—I should indeed be sorry to see or hear a number of fools; but pleased enough to find that they did not consider me one of their stamp. The good to result from my project, will not be less, because vain and shallow minds, that cannot understand it, are diverted at it, and at me. What should I think of my pursuits, if every trivial, thoughtless being could comprehend, or would applaud them; and of myself, if my courage needed levity and ignorance for their allies, or could shrink at their sneers?"—*Foster.*

Man must have employment, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity, which overcomes our natural sloth, is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn, that Divine Mercy could have spared.

ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH;

OR THE POST-OFFICE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

All places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton, was discourse—that species of discourse which Johnson's Dictionary entitles “conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves.” Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, talkings, sayings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret, in the town.

There was a story of Mrs Mary Smith, an ancient dame, who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlor, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly; for Mrs Mary's window overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr A.'s pair of fowls, and Mr B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbors' dinners, Mrs Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March, that an event happened, which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the ‘White Hart’: not that there was anything remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the Morning Herald, (for the post came in of an evening,) and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still, it was most extraordinary what had brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighborhood, left expressly for antiquarians and picnic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short, there was “no nothing.” It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge; and shy and silent, there was no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakespeare, “exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.” Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors; others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a mad-house; a second that he had killed some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was on the twenty-third of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night, all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to “John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton.” Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs Mary Smith, of dinnerless memory; the fat lady of the White Hart was on tip-toe, to peep, while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in decyphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. “Oh, the monster!” shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—“We will settle the matter to-morrow, at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife; the horror is too great.” Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. “He told me,” gasped the landlady, “that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!” Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

“I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people do n't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing,” observed Mrs Mary Smith.

“I dare say,” returned the post-mistress, “Williams is not his real name.”

“I do n't know that,” interrupted the landlady; “Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs: but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him: he sha' n't poison his wife in my house; out he goes, this very night—I'll take the letter to him, myself.”

“Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters,” and the post-mistress

thought in her heart, that she had better let Mr Williams poison his wife, at his leisure. Mrs Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentlewoman, with an annuity, and a front and back parlor, was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post-mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

“Murder will out,” said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which, like Tom Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past “the witching hour of night,” deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the Justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. “He has ordered soup to-day, for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience,” pointing to Mr Williams, who was walking up and down, at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it, a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a beautiful young creature, not above nineteen!—“I see how it is,” thought she; “the old wretch is jealous.” All efforts to catch her eyes were in vain; the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table, to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay, she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed, “Poor, dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!”—All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. “I am happy, madam,” said the bustling little magistrate, “to have been, under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity.” Mr Crampton paused, in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas.

“My life!” ejaculated the astonished lady.

“Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women, has been turned to good account.” And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—“We will settle the matter to-morrow, at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife”—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

“I can explain all,” at last interrupted the visitor. “Mr Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labors of genius: he is writing a melo-drama, called ‘My Wife’—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr Williams is only wedded to the Muses.”

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being very immoral.

“Quite mistaken, sir,” said Mr Williams. “Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterward, I shall be proud to read ‘My Wife’ aloud, in the hope of your approval, or at least, of your indulgence.”—and with the same hope, I bid farewell to my readers.

From a Discourse by Rev. Dr. Spring.

FEMALE ATTIRE.

I am by no means prepared to subscribe to the sentiment, that a woman should mark her Christian principles, by any singularity in her dress. There are few things more preposterous, or anti-Christian, or that have led to more censurable results. A Christian woman ought to be distinguishable by her simplicity, her neatness, her economy, her healthful and becoming attire, but never by her stiffness and precision.—Nor does the Gospel proscribe all ornament in the article of clothing. It does, indeed, prohibit that profusion of ornament, which consists in a studied display of personal decorations and costly array. But, no where, does it interdict that decent regard to external appearance, which gives respectability to the female character. A woman without respectability is without influence; and without influence she is without the power of doing good. Nor do I hesitate to say, that it is no part of the Gospel, for a female to be very scrupulous in avoiding the common modes of apparel. I believe there is much more anxiety, and much more sin in studiously avoiding them, than in naturally falling in with them. Fashions, which characterize a gay and worldly circle, a Christian woman will avoid. But how ridiculous would she appear, to disregard the spirit of the age, and cleave to the habiliments of her ancestors, while the prevalent modes of dress among

persons of her own class, are not inconsistent with modesty and decorum. And let it not be forgotten, that there is no intrinsic evil in mere dress of any kind. So long as the heart is not corrupted, nor the best interests of men injured by the garments we wear, they are of little account in the sight of God. And is there no reason to believe, that vanity may insinuate itself into the mind from the love of plainness and singularity? Do we not know enough of human nature to be satisfied, that a woman who is habitually well dressed, thinks less of her apparel, than the woman who is well dressed only occasionally, and whose thoughts are incessantly occupied about the dress of her neighbors? An Indian may be as vain of her blanket, and a Quaker of her bonnet and cap, as a coxcomb is of the newest fashion, or a courtier of his splendid retinue. And what would become of the interests of society, if you proscribe all the ornaments and conveniences of dress? To what untold multitudes do these give useful employment? How large a portion of the Church of God do they elevate above want and suffering? How many benevolent institutions are maintained in existence, by the industry of females, in forming articles of mere ornament and fancy? And how many streams of charity do they fill, which, without them, would be dry?

I should be loath to have these suggestions misunderstood or perverted. I plead not for excess and profusion in apparel. Extravagance and finery in dress, I would censure and condemn. A fop, or a belle, I would hold in steady contempt. All attention to personal appearance which excludes higher and more important objects from the mind, is inconsistent with a pure religion. Against the splendor, gaiety, and fickleness of fashions, the pure and unassuming influence of Christian piety, is natively arrayed. And vanity, splendor, and extravagance in clothing, are the result of a vitiated taste, and never become the person half so well as a beautiful simplicity and neatness. But while I say this, I cannot believe that the Religion of the Gospel requires that we should have no regard to the feelings and opinions of human society; or that we should divest ourselves of that self-respect, which renders us respected and useful in the world.

ITALIAN MUMMIES.

In Palermo they never bury their dead. Captain Sutherland gives the following account of this circumstance, in his Tour to Constantinople:

The dead bodies are carried to the Capuchin convent, which is one of the largest in Italy; “where, after the funeral service is performed, they are dried by a stove, heated by a composition of lime, which makes the skin adhere to the bones. They are then placed erect in niches, fastened to the wall by the back or neck. A piece of coarse drab is thrown over the shoulders, and round the waist; and their hands are tied together, holding a piece of paper, with their epitaph, which is simply their names, age, and the time of their death.”

We, of course, (says Captain Sutherland,) visited this famous repository: and it is natural to suppose, that so many corpses would impress one with reverence and awe. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the convent. We passed the chapel, where one of the order had just finished saying vespers by the gloomy glimmering of a dying lamp. We were then conducted through a garden, where the yew, the cypress, and the barren orange, obscured the remaining light, and where melancholy silence is only disturbed by the hollow murmuring of a feeble water-fall. All these circumstances tuned our minds for the dismal scene which we were going to behold; but we had still to descend a flight of steps impervious to the sun: and these, at last, conveyed us to the dreary mansion of the dead. But, (will you believe me?) notwithstanding the chilling scene through which we had passed, notwithstanding our being in the midst of more than a thousand lifeless bodies, neither our respect for the dead, nor for the holy fathers who conducted us, could prevent our smiling. The physiognomies of the deceased are so ludicrously mutilated, and their muscles are so contracted and distorted in the drying, that no French mimic could equal their appearance. The friars soon observed the levity which these unexpected visages occasioned; and one of them, as a kind of memento, pointed out to me a captain of cavalry, who had just been cut off in the prime of youth: but three months ago he was the minion of a king, the favorite of a princess! Alas, how changed! Even on earth, there is no distinction between him and the meanest beggar. This idea, in a moment, restored my reflection; and I felt with full force, the folly of human vanity. I turned to the holy father who gave me this lesson. His eyes were fixed on what was once a captain of horse. I saw in them, “Read this, titled pomp; and shrink to thy original nothingness.—Hie thee to my lady's chamber: though she paint an inch thick, to this she must come at last: make her laugh at that.” The relations of the deceased are bound to send two wax tapers every year for the use of the convent: in default of which, the corpse is taken down and thrown into the charnel house. Were it not for the number of vacancies occasioned by the non-payment of this stipend, the Capuchins would be unable to find niches for the number of men who must die every year, in so populous a city as this. Women are dried as well as the men, but are not exposed. Nobles are shut up in chests.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

AMBITION.

What is Ambition? 'tis an inward power,
Working in silence, but with giant strength,
In the aspiring bosom; kindling there
In its recesses, an undying flame
That shall consume its tenant, and remain
Quenchless as are the glowing stars of heaven;
Till the frail citadel that shrines itself
Shall moulder into ruin, and descend,
Perchance unhonored, to the voiceless tomb.

What is Ambition? search the human heart
With a close scrutiny, and ye shall find
That 'tis a deathless passion, planted there
By the Eternal Power of Life and Light.
In its primeval nature, it was pure,
Taking the semblance of the holy fount
In which it had existence, and alone
Directed its impelling energies
To works of virtue: but, corrupted now
By the first deed which stained mankind with guilt,
Its tendency perverted, it too oft
Prompts and directs to those detested deeds,
Which render history's records, tales of blood.

Ay, 'tis a deathless passion, which doth wield
In the heart's kingdom, with a regal hand,
A despot's powerful sceptre. Bending low
In sad servility, the heart's strong ties,
Its motives and its tender sympathies,
Its passions and its tendencies submit
To proud Ambition's autocratic power,
Like loyal subjects to a monarch's sway.

And yet, what is Ambition? Hast thou not
Felt in thy heart, its spirit-stirring call
Urging thee madly onward,—guiding thee
Toward the high temple of immortal fame;
And pointing to that ever-quenchless light,
The polar star of glory. Thou hast felt
Its power impelling thee to noble deeds
And proud achievements:—strengthened by its aid,
Thou hast resolved on greatness, and hast taught
Thy soul to tire not—till the meed of fame,
The fadeless wreath of honor shall be thine.

What is Ambition? what are its effects?
Ask ye the fallen Corsican, whose stamp,
As with the magic of a sorcerer's wand,
Brought warriors, countless as the ocean's sands,
Quickly into existence,—ask ye him.
His was an awful conflict; a severe
And deadly struggle of Ambition's power,
Against the world and his own destiny.

What is Ambition?—he, who played the child,
And wept for worlds to conquer; he, whose tread
Shook trembling Egypt to her utmost shores;
He, who, presumptuous, sought to chain the waves
Of ocean, with his shackles; and, no less,
The haughty, pampered monarch of the North,
Who bade the foaming surge its course to check,
And make to him obeisance;—these, and all
Who "play fantastic tricks before high Heaven,"
May answer the inquiry:—ask ye them.

What is Ambition's guerdon? Ye may find
Its victims in all ages: and their fate
Attests to this,—its sole reward is—death!
I had a school-mate: thickly, in his heart,
And rankly, sprung the proud aspiring shoots
Of unexpressed ambition. In his youth,
Ere yet twelve summers, in the expanding mind,
Had raised maturity's first-germ, he knelt
Before the shrine of Knowledge, and his soul
Seemed all-absorbed with one intense desire
To climb the heights of science,—to explore
The untold mysteries that are involved
In nature's devious labyrinth; and raise

His lofty intellect to that high sphere
For which its powers seemed destined.

Seasons passed,

And the boy sat before me: riper years
Had given a manly beauty to his form;
And his most ample forehead, which bespoke
The power within, was knit in abstract thought.
He sat reclining in a time-worn chair,
In his pent closet; while unto himself,
He thus soliloquized:

O! 'tis a toilsome way—
And dark despair seems hovering o'er my soul;
Yet, must I struggle many a weary day,
To gain the noble goal.

O, for the tireless mind
Of him, who once, on ancient Grecia's shore
Declaimed, where ocean's billows and the wind
Joined their tumultuous roar.

O, for the giant soul
And angel-intellect of him, who trod
The depths of heaven, and saw the planets roll—
Among mankind, a god!

If the expiring lamp
Which sees the day-light up yon heavens steal
With rosy footsteps, on my mind can stamp
Undying Wisdom's seal;

Then, then, it shall be done—
And life shall yield its highest, holiest zest;
The lofty summit of my hopes be won;
My fondest wishes blessed.

Such was his brief soliloquy:—a tome
Of classic knowledge on his table lay,
And, though the silent watches of the night
Were gathered round him,—to that lore he turned;
And, as a wanderer on the desert waste,
Drinks at the crystal fountain, bubbling up
At the long sought oasis, so drank he
Draughts of refreshing knowledge.

Through long years,
Thus knelt he to his idol, with a zeal
Strong and enthusiastic; thus far, well.
Yet, was this all? Would that indeed it were:
But the deep spirit of his beaming eye,
And the wan aspect of his pallid cheek,
Revealed a tale of sorrow. In his heart,
Even at the very fountain-head of life,
A fell disease, as with a quenchless thirst,
Drank, like a raging vampire; and his soul,
Rich with a fund of intellectual stores,
Seemed anxious to commence its viewless flight
Up to its ever-blessed giver, God.

A third time I looked on him.—Summer came,
With all its wonted loveliness; the earth
Smiled in its robe of flowers, and the air
Came grateful to the brow; in mellow gales,
Bearing aroma on their spicy wings.
But where was he—the student?

On a couch,

Where death's approach was waited, I beheld
His pallid form extended. In his veins,
A fiery fever burned the coursing blood;
And his once glowing brilliancy of eye
Had now departed: life was ebbing fast.
He spoke:

Come hither, sister mine,
Thou who hast cheered my path in days gone by;
And let me place my faltering hand in thine,
Once more, before I die.

A gentle tread was heard upon the floor,
And the girl sought the bedside, where he lay
Whom with a sister's love, she e'er had loved.
O, 't was a bitter conflict; and her heart,
Swelled to its fulness, overflowed in tears,
As within hers he placed his hand, and spoke:

Sister, mourn not for me—

My course is finished, and my errand done;
And the last current from life's ebbing sea,
Will soon, ay, soon be run.

O, would that I could die
When close the leaves and petals of the flower,
Like him of Greece, in time now long gone by;
"At sunset's quiet hour."

O, smooth this haggard brow,
And quench the fever of this burning brain;
Thou who wast e'er a ministering angel, now
O, soothe this death-like pain!

I did not think to give
My being up, ere yet in manhood's prime;
I did not deem that I was not to live
Half man's allotted time.

But, sister, Heaven is just;
And freely all life's joys I can release;
And, placing in the God of Life, my trust,
Can die, yes, die in peace.

His tongue then faltered; and his pallid hand
Fell powerless to the couch.

"The silver cord
Was loosed; the pitcher and the golden bowl"
Had both been broken; while the spirit, freed
From its clay tenement, had soared away
To the bright regions of unclouded bliss.

P—

For the Literary Journal.

THE SPIRIT'S JOURNEY.

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time;
and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallows observe the time
of their coming."

Yes, they all do know their appointed time,
And wing their swift way from clime to clime:
The voice of Jehovah directs them so,
And tells them both where, and when, to go.
But oh, my parents, to you 't was not given,
To know the time of your journey to Heaven:
Ye spake of an earthly "journey" first,
To the home where your early days were nursed:
And the swallows came, at the word He gave,
But they found you both, in the silent grave!

Your "journey together"—alas, it was made—
And ye in the house for all living, laid.
In one short week, ye both sought the green sod;
And your "journey" was made to your home with God.
And now, how oft doth your orphan child
Look back on the days by your love beguiled,
And think of that "journey" which ye both have gone,
That journey from which ye shall never return;
And look for the hour when the message shall be,
Go thou unto those who can come not to thee.

For the Literary Journal.

THE SPECTATOR.

MR. EDITOR,—In looking over a volume of The Spectator,
the other evening, I was very much struck with the four
hundred and forty-first Number. The style of this is admir-
able; and when we read thoughts so sublime and con-
soling, clothed in such beautiful language, it may be consid-
ered the perfection of fine writing. This paper inculcates
an entire reliance on the wisdom and goodness of God. "In
short," to use the words of the author, "the person who has
a firm trust in the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power,
wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness: he reaps the
benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insuffi-
ciency, in the fulness of infinite perfection."

Amid the trials of life, those trials which are so frequent
and various, how consoling is the idea, that even these may
be the source of future happiness. As in the natural world,
we see the heavens obscured, hear the voice of Divine Pow-
er in the thunder, and behold its wrath in the lightning; we
humble ourselves, with fear and trembling, before this mani-
festation of Omnipotence. When the thunder ceases, the

clouds pass away; and instead of the red lightning scorching and rending every thing in its progress, we behold the glorious sun animating and reviving every thing by its genial influence: every flower lifts its head, and laughs in its beauty, and every note is sweeter and more triumphant, as if attuned to thanksgiving and praise. How much more must our hearts overflow with gratitude and love to that Being who has given us minds capable of estimating, in some degree, his moral beauty and grandeur; who has taught us to view all his dispensations as the result of perfect wisdom, and to submit ourselves entirely to his will. It was this sentiment of entire obedience to God, which supported Addison in his last moments; and enabled him to rise above the fear of death, exclaiming to his ward and pupil,—"Come, see how a Christian can die!" He says, "The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the minds of men, in times of poverty and affliction; but most of all, in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes and objects and companions that are new; what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon Him who first gave her being; who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will always be with her, to guide and comfort her, in her progress through eternity."

These brief remarks are offered, with a hope that they may attract the attention of some of the youthful readers of the Journal, to one of the best books in our language, both as regards purity and elevation of style and sentiment;—and one that is now almost out of fashion.

For the Literary Journal.

NOTES, BY A TRAVELLER.

NUMBER TWO.

PARIS.

1826, May 7th.—The "Palais Royal" was next visited by us. It is a palace enclosing a handsome square of eight or ten acres; in the further end of which the Duke of Orleans resides. He is the owner of the whole. The part not occupied by him, is a dazzling bazaar—a little world by itself—the court royal of magnificence, vice and pleasure. All kinds of business are done under its long colonnades; but more especially the showy and splendid. Jewellers, restaurateurs, cafes, and all the artisans of the tasteful and luxurious, here rival each other, in displays that raise our admiration of human ingenuity to a degree that borders on ecstasy. Here flock the courtesans—here muster the gamblers—here strangers from all parts of the earth, assemble to gaze upon a scene which eclipses all others in seductive enchantment; and which every one who has once seen, will forever remember, as one of dazzling profligacy, of gay and fascinating corruption, to which even his fancy was a stranger. I can only say of it, what many have already said, that it is to Paris, what Paris is to every other city in the world—the *ne plus ultra* of pleasure and vice, of delight and depravity. We entered a low theatre, on our return; the only price of admission being the purchase of a glass of beer:—the company harmonized with the price.

May 8th, Sunday.—In imitation of the whole population of Paris, we started off, to-day, to amuse ourselves; and rode to Versailles, the former residence of the Court of France, where subjects of interest richly repaid our trouble. The distance from Paris is about twelve miles. This palace is situated upon a small eminence: from which green paths diverge, as from a centre, to different places, as to Paris, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, &c. Such a location must obviously be beautiful. This palace, with its gardens, is said to have cost the enormous sum of eight hundred millions of francs; (about one hundred and forty-four millions of dollars;) the single article of lead for the aqueducts, fountains, &c. thirty two millions. Its ruinous expense is by many considered the foundation of that Revolution which deluged France in blood; and gave to all other nations, the most revolting spectacle of popular frenzy that ever the world witnessed. The palace is of vast extent, and of a magnificence which no words can describe. It contains three thousand

windows and six hundred rooms, a theatre, &c. The interior is decorated with pictures and statues; and its long suites of apartments are walled with polished marble, far excelling in variety of colors, any that I have ever seen. The king's chapel, which occupies one part of it, is extremely magnificent, but rather resembles a light and gilded theatre, than a temple. Versailles is not at present the Court, and judging from appearances, is probably out seldom, or never, occupied by the royal family. The adjoining garden is said to be twelve miles in circumference, with thirty-two fountains playing among its wide and lovely groves. There is a huge pile of rocks in the centre, which we gazed at with the reverence due to the ancient and natural tenants of the soil, but we were told that they were placed there by art. There is a fascination about these truly royal gardens, so vast and spacious, which one may dream of, but cannot feel, till the seeing eye teaches him its mighty influence. I, who had read and heard descriptions of them over and over again, had formed no idea of them; and they came upon me like a scene of enchantment, a dream, which it required some time to realize. Like every thing of the kind in France, they are open to the meanest of the rabble; and no one ever thinks of molesting or injuring them. Beggars, courtesans, all claim admittance, and all behave with propriety. Every thing in this country, that is exhibited at all, is exhibited free of cost, to prince and peasant. With all our pretensions to republicanism, our long and angry harangues upon aristocracy, we have nothing like this. Our rich citizen builds around his snug garden a strong stone wall, and our public amusements are most generally out of the reach of the *canaille*. We returned through St. Cloud, the summer residence of the royal family; and the royal coach, drawn by eight fiery bays, swept past us as we arrived. Charles X., was in it, but not visible. The appearances on re-entering the city were strikingly opposite to those of our own country on Sunday—the shops were lighted up with tenfold brilliancy, and every thing denoted the holiday.

May 10th.—To-day, we visited the "Library of the King," containing about eight hundred thousand volumes, open to the public. Among its curiosities, are a variety of *cameos*, with the heads of the Roman emperors, a most lovely specimen of art—the armor of Francis the First—the silver shields of Scipio and Hannibal—the heart of Anne of Brittany in a vase—a beautiful bath of porphyry. There, in an arm chair of bronze, sits the greatest genius that ever lived—Voltaire. The statue has a surprising appearance of life and reality. There, the gray-headed master of history, the drama, satire and poetry, sits smiling in contempt at the vanity and emptiness of human pursuits. Probably there were many curiosities in this immense library not noticed by us; but there is so much weariness in hurrying through such piles of books, and merely seeing, without examining; that I have nothing to say about them.

The Seine, though not a very large river, is sufficiently so for beauty. What, in fact, could be less agreeable to the eye than a wide and turbulent stream rolling through the midst of a large city? The grandeur of nature should never be brought into contrast with the works of art. The river is crossed and decorated by numerous bridges; the view from which, both up and down the stream, in the evening, between long rows of palaces whose lamps light the river, is one of as great beauty, as I have yet had the good fortune to witness. The river is the boundary line between different styles of life in the city. On the one side, is literature, science and their institutions and followers, students, hospitals, and those who seek comfort rather than brilliancy:—on the other, fashion smiles in her gay saloon,—the court sparkles in purple and gold—the votaries of wealth pursue their avocations—pleasure holds her levees—and all that is gay and fair in this city of splendor meets in rivalry.

The swarm of beggars in Paris, is excessive;—but those who, in fact, beg, without the form, equal them in number. For instance, at our dinner at Versailles, a fiddler, his wife, two daughters of eighteen or twenty, and one or two boys, thought proper to give us a serenade; and we could do no less than pay the wretches a few sous.

There are some things in the character of the French, which are pleasant. They will not steal, rob, nor drink: probably no city in the universe can show so small a cata-

logue of murders, thefts, or so few drunkards—their manners are certainly sprightly and agreeable. But, on the other hand, they will beg and cheat, till your last sous is gone; take advantage of your ignorance whenever they can; lead you into vice, and leave you there. They are creatures of the present moment, to a degree which no description can paint—neat in their persons, they are slovenly in every thing else; and their disregard of decency is perfectly shocking. The whole nation hitherto reminds me of the rabble on Boston Common upon a public day; each man pursuing pleasure as eagerly as if it were business, and none thinking or caring for the morrow.

May 12th.—This day is one which Catholicism has thought proper to celebrate as the "Ascension" of our Saviour: and the ringing of bells, closed shops, &c. indicate the solemn and awe-struck feeling of this saint-like people. A procession has just moved by my lodgings, bearing along a sort of basket or cradle, crowned with flowers. The meaning of it I leave to the wise. Nothing can exceed the perfection of the French military music—its strains fire the soul; and visions of war and conquest, under its inspiration, float before the most drowsy imagination. The hearer feels his pulse throb, and present objects swim before his eyes: and he is alive only to reveries of the future, from which he awakes as from a dream.

We next visited the "Madeline Church," which was erected by Napoleon as a sort of Westminster Abbey, to hold within its walls the sacred dust of genius. It is a noble and stately structure, surrounded by Corinthian columns, like the Exchange, but less beautiful. The latter is pure and white, as if just carved from a snow-drift; while the former has a more sombre and solid appearance. In one of the squares of the city, near the Bridge of Austerlitz, stands a monumental pillar, commemorative of the victories of Napoleon: as we passed it in the evening, the words "Austerlitz, Lodi, Dantzic, Ulm, Leipsic," and others, were dimly seen. I could not but think, that some additional memorials of Napoleon might have been made with propriety. The figures of the Duc d'Enghien, led forth to execution with a lantern on his breast; the wounded prisoners making their last meal on provisions poisoned by his order: Napoleon himself, in a chariot, driving off from Moscow, and his soldiers by thousands freezing to death—eloping from Elba—retreating from Waterloo—and dying at St. Helena.

The hour of noon is announced by a small cannon in the garden of the Palais Royal, fired by the sun.

The Seine is crossed by sixteen bridges of stone. On the centre of one of the largest and most lively, stands the equestrian statue of Henry IV. It contains thirty thousand pounds of bronze, and is a fine specimen of the grand and gigantic. Seen from many parts of the city, it has a very imposing effect.

May 15th, Sunday.—We went, this morning, to the Thuilleries, &c. The royal Charles and family were about setting off for mass, as we arrived: consequently, the square of the palace presented considerable bustle and display.—The soldiers were paraded, sentinels on duty at the gates, state coaches in waiting, &c. His Majesty passed through the gate where we stood,

"Around him many a warhorse foamed;"

and the glittering coaches, drawn each by eight bay studs, were very magnificent. The body-guard in attendance were mounted on fiery and elegant chargers, armed with sabre, carbine and pistols, with steel breast and back plates, and made a most martial appearance. We passed thence to the Louvre, a word that has always sounded in our ears as associated with all that human ingenuity has conceived of the beautiful and magnificent. It is a palace and gallery well worthy of a fame as extensive as the civilized globe:—a place which he who has once beheld, will never forget. The lower rooms, under the far-famed Gallery, are devoted to sculpture and antiquities, collections of the curious and venerable in art; and contain much to fix the attention. The picture-gallery is a quarter of a mile in extent; confessedly the noblest in the world; richly decorated and lined on each side with fine paintings. This long and almost endless vista, on whose walls the first artists of all times and countries still live in their works, strikes one with mingled emotions of astonishment and delight. There the pride of architecture

and of painting rival and enhance each other; and the effect is one to be felt and remembered, but not described.—Once a week, (Sunday,) the doors are thrown open to the whole of Paris. Here the people throng, and here they learn that fondness for their country and rulers which supports them under injustice and oppression.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1834.

ZOOLOGY.

[The subjoined remarks, occasioned by the delivery of the valuable Course of Lectures to which they refer, are readily inserted. It is gratifying to observe the progress of that spirit of scientific inquiry and research which has recently been awakened in our community. It merits every encouragement: and while we rejoice to see that it is willing occasionally to call public attention to its objects and pursuits, we are happy to afford any facilities to those who are so laudably engaged, in the communication of their views respecting subjects which are so well deserving of more general consideration.]

MR EDITOR,—I know of no better medium than your valuable Journal, through which to make a few remarks in relation to, and in connexion with, the late course of Zoological Lectures delivered in this city by Dr. McMurtrie.

None of the various departments of Natural History with the exception of Mineralogy and Conchology, have as yet attracted the attention of our citizens: these, have in a few instances, been pursued: and considering the means and opportunities within the reach of the individuals, have been extensively cultivated. The former, from its close connexion with the arts, is, doubtless, the most useful of either of the divisions of our subject. This science has, by chemical analysis, rendered many of the most common productions of the mineral kingdom subservient to the wants of man.

Several well arranged cabinets, not only of the minerals of Rhode-Island, (a locality which produces a greater variety than any other district of equal extent in our country,) but of rare and valuable foreign specimens, have been collected.

Conchology has also its admirers and cultivators; and several very beautiful and extensive cabinets which reflect credit on their possessors, may be found in our city.

The vegetable kingdom has also received some attention within a few years; and if the same perseverance is continued, that has marked the career of several of our young botanists, we shall soon see an Herbarium, in which every plant indigenous to our State and its vicinity, will be properly identified and classed.

While these subjects have attracted more or less notice, Zoology has been totally neglected: even in our schools and colleges, very little practical attention has been given to it. This has, without doubt, arisen from the deficiency of proper cabinets and books to guide the student in his researches.

The recent Course of Lectures on this subject, by Doctor McMurtrie, a distinguished naturalist of Philadelphia, it is hoped will create a taste among us for the cultivation of this most interesting branch of Natural History.

The plan pursued by that gentleman was not so much intended for a popular Course, in which, to illustrate and describe the particular habits of the various species, as to give the great principles upon which the modern divisions are founded; the only proper method for conveying a just idea of the peculiar organization of each class and genus, in connexion with the animal economy.

No person can become interested in this science, without first becoming acquainted with the comparative anatomy of the animal kingdom. The respiration, the circulation, and the nervous system are also subjects of the greatest importance in the study of the animal creation;—without a just idea of the internal structure of animals, our knowledge of Zoology would be extremely limited and superficial: it would, indeed, be confined to mere anecdotes and stories relative to their habits.

The Lecturer constantly kept this object in view; and with an occasional digression, relating to the history of the animal immediately under consideration, gave a condensed view of the whole animal kingdom; from Man to the minute animalcule with which all creation is swarming, invisible to the eye unassisted by the microscope. It is to be hoped, if the Lecturer pursues the plan proposed by him, of taking up the separate divisions of his subject, and entering more into particulars, that he will again gratify the citizens of Providence with another Course.

After so interesting an exposition of zoological science, it is to be hoped that some of our inquiring minds may be led to investigate the wonders and the beauties of the animal kingdom. Materials in abundance are within the reach of all. An hour's ramble in the woods, or through the fields; a walk along the sea shore, or while following the windings of a brook, will present to the eye of a naturalist, thousands of animated creatures, each pursuing the end for which it is destined.

There is no occupation in which the mind can be employed, more delightful, none more deserving the attention of reasonable beings, than in investigating the secrets and the mysteries of animated nature. To the religious mind, this study develops innumerable objects, all exhibiting in their external as well as internal structure, evidences of wisdom and design; destined for just purposes, and filling a space for which their peculiar organization adapts them.

To the artist, this science is doubly interesting: he is not only capable of realizing all the enjoyments which the study of nature affords, but of employing his pencil in delineating the most interesting varieties. It is the beautiful and accurate drawings in the works of Audubon and Wilson, of Cuvier and Buffon, on the several subjects upon which they have treated, which have so largely contributed in connexion with the value of their writings, to give popularity to their great works on Natural History.

The zoologist not only collects and arranges his diversified cabinet of specimens, his delight is to investigate that which appears most mysterious, by diligently studying the habits and propensities of the animal, whether beast, bird, fish, or insect: and the latter, specimens of which, are within the reach of all, present the most diversified appearances in form, the most beautiful and variegated in color; and their habits, exhibiting either instinct or reason in a remarkable degree, may well excite the highest admiration.

The insect creation, may receive from those to whom external nature presents no objects of interest, the term of insignificant; but to the eye of a naturalist, no creature which displays the power of an all-wise Providence, can be too mean, to be worth the attention of man; himself the mere creature of a day, when compared with other vast and innumerable objects around him.

Zoology, while it occupies, tends to elevate the mind;—opening a fountain of inexhaustible supply, to its votaries. "It furnishes meditation for the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralizing rambler, admiration and delight; and is an engaging companion, that will communicate an interest to every rural walk: it will give a bias to a reasoning mind, and tend, in some after, thoughtful, sobered hour, to comfort and to soothe." A.E.

PERIODICALS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE: Philadelphia.—This Magazine, whether we consider the subjects which are generally discussed in its pages, or the manner in which these are treated, bears a more purely American character than any similar work which has ever been established in the United States. In addition to the interest which has been given it by the industry and talents of its editor and of a number of other gentlemen of high literary attainments, who are numbered among its regular contributors; it is peculiarly worthy of notice, for the firm, uncompromising spirit of independence which it has manifested in regard to every subject connected with American literature. Mr Fairfield has been strenuous in his exertions to rouse his countrymen from that subserviency to foreign opinions and foreign decisions, which has so long discouraged the exertions of our native writers, and caused their comparative merits to be underrated, and

their productions to be neglected, until they had received the sanction of transatlantic critics. He is engaged in the pursuit of a noble object. Let him persevere,—and may success attend him.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE: New-York.—The rank which this Periodical holds, has been fairly and honorably won. The fact is highly creditable to its editors, that while every exertion has been made to call public attention to other works of far inferior merit, by a course of inflated puffing and ridiculous self-praise, this Magazine has been left to the decision of public opinion, upon its own intrinsic merits. These are amply sufficient to sustain it. While there are so many among the conductors of literary enterprises, who are unfaithful to their trust; so many who are willing to disregard the convictions of their own judgment, and to do violence to the dictates of their own good taste, by filling their pages with trash, in the hope of gaining the temporary advantages of immediate popularity, there are still a few who are laboring to affect the tone of public sentiment, by furnishing materials which may purify and elevate, instead of degrading it. Such has been the course of the American Monthly; and we heartily wish prosperity to any work which bears such a character.

THE AMERICAN LADIES' MAGAZINE: Edited by Mrs Sarah J. Hale. Boston.—This publication deserves the good wishes and the good word of every friend to our native literature. The taste, ability, and unremitting industry of its accomplished editor, have given it an enviable reputation; which she is fully competent to maintain among the continually increasing number of candidates for public favor. In her introduction to the present volume, after speaking of her past success and future prospects, Mrs Hale observes, that "gentlemen may possibly give their compliments to a lady's work, from politeness, and their contributions from benevolence." She certainly needs no praise or literary assistance, from either of those motives: she requires only the award of justice; and this has been rendered to her work in the most efficient manner, by the confidence and support which it has so long received and so well deserved.

AMERICAN ANNALS OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION: Boston.—We have already more than once endeavored to urge upon our readers, the peculiar claims to patronage and encouragement which are presented by this Magazine, which is exclusively devoted to the cause of Education. Notwithstanding the discouraging circumstances which have attended its progress, the proprietors have issued a Number for the present month; and it is sincerely to be hoped, that Mr Woodbridge may still be enabled to furnish the public with the results of his labors in that great cause to which he has been so indefatigably devoted.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES: Washington, D. C.—This well conducted work is not only replete with information of peculiar interest to that class of readers for whose use it is more particularly intended, but it uniformly furnishes much that cannot fail to afford both pleasure and instruction to all who may give it a perusal.—Its original papers are generally written with ability, and its selections are evidently made with care and discrimination. The spirited and graphic sketches of personal enterprise and adventure, which are frequently contributed to its pages, give it an interest for the general reader; while the amount of information which it affords, must render it highly valuable to the military or naval officer, as a work for present use and future reference.

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THE WANING MOON.

Thou waning moon, whose lessening ray
Seems loveliest as its fades away—
When next upon this world of wo,
Thou dost thy pensive light bestow;
How many an eye that greets thee now,
How many a bright and joyous brow,
How many a heart, that bounds to see
Thy light shine forth so silently,
How many a form that now is gay,
Shall, as a dream, have passed away.

Fair moon,—again I may not see
Thy glimmering light o'er lawn and lea;
Again I may not feel the power
That cheers me in this gloomy hour;
But when again thy beams are shed
O'er all the living and the dead,
Though low my resting-place may be,
Too damp—too cold—too dark for thee—
Gleam o'er the turf that marks the spot:
Thou waning moon, forget me not!

WHERE IS HE?

BY HENRY NEEL.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—Jon.

And where is he? not by the side,
Whose every want he loved to tend:
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks no more;
Those scenes admired, no more shall see:
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still;
But ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his gardens be,
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is all this proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—and where is he?

The church yard bears an added stone,
The fire side shows a vacant chair;
Here, sadness dwells and weeps alone;
And death displays his banner, there.
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be;
The well known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he!

From the "Course of Time."

AVARICE.

Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and labored all the day;
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight,
Before it knelt, the greater to the less;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid, murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls and an eternity of bliss
To gain them—what?—an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of wo.

Most, for the luxuries it bought; the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly farther gone,
With eye awry, incurable and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up,—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light winged dreams
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,

With vigilance and fasting, worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags,—
Thou might have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed;
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth,
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthly, most debased:
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with Death.
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which Hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance, died,
Sorest of evils! died of utter want!

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Is this a fast,—to keep
The larger lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh—yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?
Is it to fast an hour,—
Or raged to go,—
Or show
A downcast look and sour?
No: 't is a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.
It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate
To circumsise thy life;
To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And *that's* to keep thy Lent.

BURNS.—His early years were spent in toil too severe for even his vigor of body; he threshed in the barn, reaped, mowed, and held the plough before he was fifteen: nor when he grew up to manhood, did this drudgery promise to end in ease and comfort. Such was his untoward fortune, that he saw nothing better for him, he said, in looking down the dim vista of futurity, than the toil of a galley slave, and the old age of a public mendicant. The light of poesie dawned on him amid all this darkness; his sensibility was deep; his passions overflowing and strong; he loved—nay, we may say, adored, whatever was gentle and beautiful. He had an eloquent word and an inspired song for every fair face that smiled on him; and a witty saying and a fierce lampoon for every rustic who thwarted or contradicted him. He imputed his first inspiration to love; the loneliness and simplicity of a young girl, who reaped in harvest by his side, drew forth his first song; and his latest was addressed to a "haughtier and higher beauty, to whom he had once in vain poured out the richest incense the muse had to offer. It is worthy of remark, that the most natural and impassioned songs in the whole compass of our literature, were written by a ploughman lad, in honor of the rustic lasses around him.

The name of Burns, and the fame of his poetry, flashed like sunshine over the land; and, as Byron said of himself, he "lay down to sleep, obscure," and awoke eminent. The first scholars of Scotland courted his acquaintance; and the highest and the lowest names in the country were huddled all together in the subscription for a new edition of his works. He was invited to Edinburgh, where Blair called him the "Lowland Ossian;" Burnet took him to his evening visits, where he drank wine out of bottles wreathed with flowers, in the manner of ancients; Mackenzie handed him to a wider fame in a generous and venturesome critique, and the Dutchess of Gordon admired his wit, and took his arm as he walked through the drawing-room to the supper table. The inspired peasant of the West, was received and entertained as a sort of wonder; he was exhibited at the tables of the great, that they might make merry with him as the lords of the Philistines of old with Sampson; lords nodded approbation to his sallies of wit; and ladies sat round him in a ring, fanning his forehead with their plumes, surprised with his untutored eloquence. Some pension, post, or place, was expected by the country to be bestowed on the poet; one wrote to him that the country would surely do something; a second, hinted at royal patronage; while a third, wiser than any, whispered; "Return to the furrow-field, and be independent." He was praised, caressed, and feasted, till his taste for things rustic was cloyed, and men desired to see something new; lords and ladies neglected to invite him, and when they met him by chance, saluted him coldly, or

passed him with averted eyes. He stayed for nearly a whole year in Edinburgh; and seeing, at last, that his hopes were in vain, retired in deep anger and disgust to Nithsdale; took the farm of Ellisland from Miller of Dalswinton; married Jane Armour, and resolved to be prudent and laborious. —But all his speculations regarding independence, were doomed to be unfortunate; the farm required more attention than the poet was disposed to bestow upon it; he resigned it; accepted a situation in the Excise, and lived in the hope of rising to the situation of Supervisor. "The luckless star that ruled his lot" interposed; he felt as the world now feels, that his country had neglected him; and in the bitterness of disappointed hope, spoke too freely of freedom, compared to the rank which a king bestows. He was given to understand that his hopes of preferment were blasted, and his continuing in his humble office depended on his silence. He survived this degradation a year or more, but never held up his head again; he died in the summer of 1796, more of a broken heart, than of any other illness.

THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.—Europe is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccaccio, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world owes so much. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the Decameron, has given the following portrait.

"His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, without morals; but to make some amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin, his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that 'a prophet hath no honor in his own country,' he called himself a Greek, in Italy; and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the Labyrinth of Crete."

Notwithstanding all the endeavors of Boccaccio and of Petrarch to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but, scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarch, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as that author expresses himself; in which he extolled Italy to the skies; and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatic; when suddenly, a terrible storm arose. Whilst all on board were in motion, to do what was necessary for the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast, which was struck by a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others, were in the greatest consternation; but no other person sustained any injury.

The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless, and half burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe to Boccaccio, says, among other things, "This unhappy man has left the world, in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

Great men rise in clusters. The age of Augustus in Rome, of Leo the Tenth in Italy, of Elizabeth in England, and afterwards of Queen Anne in the same country, are exemplifications of this remark. The solution of this, is found in a single remark of Velleius Paterculus, *adit amulatio ingenia*. This is a golden maxim, and as true as it is finely said. The appearance of one genius starts a thousand from their spheres, of less magnitude, but still of a certain brilliancy. Lord Byron has perhaps made as many poets as he ever read.—He has excited the world of poetasters, whom we see about us; men in whom the seeds of poetry were originally small and inefficient, but which have been brought into life and expansion, by the vivific energy of his muse.

I like Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many discontents there have been in these houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else, were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all, were endless.

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